

T H E

# Convert S C O T,

A N D

## Apostate English,

1.

**C***Levelands*, thy Ashes (sure) will Rise :  
The *Scots*, are Profelites become,  
Here were those Rebels in Disguise;  
And now thou wouldst reverse their Doom.

2.

'Twas our *Fanatick Presbyter*,  
The Devils Factors made the *Plot*,  
By them misled, the *Scots* did Erre;  
Which then thou call'dst, *Apostate Scot*.

3.

The Proverb; *From the North no Good*,  
Is now turn'd *South*, where Perjur'd Slaves  
Swear us to Gaols; and in a Flood  
of Butchery, scarce give us Graves.

4.

The Damned Crew of Angels Fall,  
Whose Pride first mov'd them to Rebel,  
But You Incarnate, worst of all,  
Through Malice, God and Man would Sell.

5.

Devil to Devils all were True,  
But Man to Man, no Thought can reach,  
Nature, would cease to be, if You  
Might cut off all you would Impeach.

6.

The Laws construction doth lye  
In Judges Breasts; the Letter Kills;  
Justice, such Evidence throws by,  
Whose Lives are Infamous for Ills.

7.

There's seven of them, and seven more,  
Have Covenanted all with Hell,  
To make seven Deadly Sins their Whore;  
None ever knew her half so well.

A

These

8.

These Villains charge themselves with Crimes  
They have not done; Damn'd Policy!  
That what they Swear at other Times  
May be Believ'd, though Perjury!

9.

To which a Pardon being had,  
Then Hang who e're they will Accuse;  
And make the Raging Rabble mad,  
When any man for Justice Sues.

10.

Reason is Witchcraft; or else why  
Can any man of Sense believe  
Such Basket-Crew, e're came so nigh  
To Courts and Councils to deceive.

11.

Commissions, Armies, Fleets, and *France*,  
All this Intrigue discover'd by  
O——, B——, D——, D—— and P——,  
Who can believe so strange a Lye?

12.

Did ever men Sell their belief  
To Gaols and Pillories? who yet  
Gives Credit to a Common Thief,  
Or Branded Rogue on mischief set?

13.

Plague of the Innocent, the Nations Curse,  
The hand of Heaven will cut down;  
Since God made Man, none ever worse,  
Pretended yet to save a Crown.

14.

But these the Vulgar Hireling Slaves,  
The *Bashaws* use, to storm their Works,  
And raise themselves upon their Graves,  
Such are our *English* (Nobles) *Turks*.

15.

Justice awake, *Scroggs* sit thou fast,  
Thou wert o'r-rul'd by Perjuries:  
But *Langborn's* Case urges thy haste,  
To clear Fair Truth from Forgeries.

16.

Now Undeceived, be Just and Bold,  
You dare enough, do then as well,  
And growing Good, as you grow Old,  
Ages to come your Justice tell.

17.

Our Laws are founded, or should be,  
On Laws of God, *Who never Kill*  
*When they can Save*; and yet you see  
How Blood of Innocents we Spill.

18.

The Law Condemns a *Priest* to Die,  
But Supream Law commands them so,  
*That for their Lives they must not Flie ;*  
One of the two they must forego.

19.

Our Faith in many points agree,  
Our Birth-rights we may claim of old ;  
What is it then to any he  
If Ancient Verity I hold.

20.

Likely, You Erre, for upward look,  
What Ages past believed as I,  
And nearer to the Spring ; the Brook  
Far distant, doth in Puddles die :  
If at the Fount, I Drink or Wash,  
The Chrystal Spring hath us'd no dath.

21.

Hath Charity deserv'd to Die,  
Our Saviour Suffered for that ;  
We sometimes Kill an Enemy,  
Not Murther Friends for none knows what.

22.

Our Laws receive their force from Power,  
And the Offenders Forfeit Life ;  
Here 'tis, where Law doth Law devour,  
And why, such Law, would end the Strife ?

23.

Men long in Peace, deserving well  
From King and Country, now surpriz'd,  
And Charg'd with Crimes, no Age can tell,  
But those who have this Plot devis'd.

24.

Now worthy *Scroggs*, your Brethren too ;  
Unbyass'd, let your Judgments fall ;  
We dare the World, what they can do,  
May we have Justice, when we call.

25.

O! *Cleveland*, hadst thou lived this Age,  
Thou couldst not Write, unless to Lie ;  
For none but Devils Tredd our Stage :  
Where speaking Truth, you surely Die  
For publick Good or *Popery*.

26.

A King to Govern, or else none,  
A *Linsy-woolsey* Government ;  
'Tis Rabble-property they owne,  
And say 'tis Law, or so 'tis meant:

They

27.

They stalk with one, Ambitions Fool,  
Affecting Popularity ;  
Make use of Him as a Close-stool,  
First fill Him up, then throw Him by.

28.

The Monster *Mobile*, then Roars,  
Prepar'd by 'th Mountebank of State,  
Wee'l have no Fools, nor Sons of Whores,  
A Commonwealth shall end their Date.

29.

Nor King, nor Parliament, nor Laws,  
Kill all Pretenders to the Crown ;  
Nor Lords, nor Bishops ; those py'd Daws,  
With all Adherents shall go down.

30.

Then up go we, wee'l share the Land ;  
Too long they have usurp'd our Right :  
And now by turns, wee'l all Command,  
And show the World our last New-light.

31.

Are we not good as Fisher-men ?  
Our *Hogon-Mogon* Neighbours now,  
They were call'd Traytors ; and what then ?  
Their King that was, now them allow.

32.

They did Reform, it thriv'd, So good,  
God did intend what they should be ;  
They were inforc'd to let some Blood  
(As We) to purge Idolatry.

33.

Your Elders Laws, have that vast scope,  
Preliminary to all Power ;  
Each in his Parish would be *Pope*,  
Like *Baal's* Priests all things Devour.

34.

These are your Saintships Rules of State,  
And *Lucifer* hath Lectur'd you ;  
All above you, ye Deadly hate,  
And would not God should have his due.

35.

Must still the Van, *Religion*,  
Led on by Lies, and false pretence,  
Bring up the Rear, *Rebellion* ;  
And blind our Reason without Sense.

36.

Set up an Idol-Parliament,  
Which with False Worship men adore,  
As if *Religion* were meant,  
The House of Commons, Common-whore.

37.

The flights of *Hocus* not so plain,  
Though Cheat our sight, yet none believe,  
But *Hocus* still he doth remain,  
Through fine Conveyance in his Sleeve.

38.

Thus Captain *Sathan* leads you on;  
Your Pride and Malice makes you Swell,  
Then Captain leaves ye all alone,  
You'll find the way your selves to Hell.

39.

Damn'd Hypocrites, Rebellious Race,  
In Power Impudent and Bold;  
Pale Whining Cowards, Face to Face  
Your God and Hopes lyes in your Gold.

40.

Short-sighted Fools, can your base Coin  
Corrupt that God who Kings protects;  
Or suffer you to break that Line,  
Which he hath made, and still directs.

41.

'Tis not to cast down *Poper*y,  
But by your Counterfeited Zeal;  
To raise *New-Englands* Anarchy,  
Devolving to a Commonweal.

42.

Too long on Caterpillers, I  
Digression make; but now to Men  
Whose Honour, in Antiquity  
Deserves to be reviv'd again.

43.

Religion early there Imbrac'd  
By Race of Kings, Christians bold,  
Brave men at Arms, and not debas'd;  
And now this Age revives the Old.

44.

How Sweet blows the *Northern* Air,  
Dispelling Mists, and no Clouds there;  
The Rebel Covenant washed Fair,  
No thoughts against Apparent Heir.

45.

Brave *Scots* go on, a Braver man  
Ne're wanted yet Protection  
Then our Great Duke of *Tork*; what can  
But this, Merit Oblivion?  
All that is past of Guilty fact,  
Lies buried here, in this one Act.

B

None



46.

None live Unblemish'd, or who not deceiv'd,  
Who ever Trusts unhappily,  
May erre ; If none must be believ'd,  
We must forsake Society.

47.

Frailties to all men are allow'd ;  
We Plume not here on Angels Wings ;  
The weak or fearful in a Cloud,  
Cannot distinguish best of Things.

49.

Repentance wipes out Blackest Spots,  
If ye relapse, y'are sick to death,  
Be henceforth call'd the *Convert-Scots*,  
This Covenant sign now with your Breath.

50.

A Glorious occasion now  
Courts ye, with opportunity :  
Let after-ages say of you,  
When all men fail'd us, you stood by.

51.

Your King, your Country, all their Friends  
now need your Duty, and your Love,  
Bravely appear, and make amends ;  
Let's Hand in Hand together move.

52.

Down with your *Kirk-Roost*, Curb them so  
They cannot hurt ; take Sword in Hand,  
Defend your King from Inbred Foe.  
And *Tork* Conduct you in Command.

53.

The Law of Nature binds Mankind,  
And that Religion is true,  
To give and take, with equal mind,  
To God and *Cesar* what is due.

54.

Rouse then Brave men, let the World see,  
What you dare do for Royal Blood ;  
Your Lives and Country are not free ;  
'Let's you maintain Monarchy Good.

54.

But if ye fail, all Good mens Curse  
On you and your Posterity :  
May ye be Slaves, and what is worse.  
Beg Bread of your *Presbytery*.

END OF THE

A.

A Postscript upon the D. of Y's. Return to Scotland.

**N**ow York again Shines in your Sphere,  
A constant Day-light, true born Son ;  
Which doth forebode a Happy Year,  
Now finish what you have begun.

2.

If your wild Spiritists, possesst  
With Hellish Principles Rebel,  
And against Legal Power protest,  
Send them the shortest way to Hell.

3.

For speedy Justice in a Storm,  
And Mutiny more Souls doth Save,  
Then slow Proceeding by Laws Form,  
Lost time, a Master's made a Slave.

4.

Examples made to terrifie,  
Makes men consider what they do ;  
Where no Reprieve is, but must Die,  
Men are unapt t'engage that Foe.

5.

Let your Great Council make an Act,  
And by that Act all Subjects Bind,  
To take an Oath, or else be Rackt,  
Till the Succession they have Sign'd.

6.

Our Lofty Shrubbs rais'd by the King,  
That on his Seat, Justice Out-face,  
Must tumble down, that no such thing  
Be ever named ; but with Disgrace.

7.

Ingrateful Brutes, baser then Slaves,  
The fallen Angels is your sin,  
Who for your Makers do dig Graves ;  
But in those Pits your selves fall in.

Foolish

8.

*Foolish Achitophels ; his Fate  
Follows your Steps, and you must Die  
For the same Cause, and at the Gate,  
Where Treason's joyn'd with Perjury.*

9.

*The Protestant Religion  
Is the false cry, and common Cheat  
Of all your Atheism ; who have none,  
Nor will, till brought to Judgment Seat.*

10.

*There by Confession, purge your Guilt,  
Mercy may meet you at the Stage,  
Tell Godfrey's Death, and what Bloods Spilt  
By your Designs, and peoples Rage.*

11.

*Then, not till then, three Kingdoms may,  
In Unity give Praise to God ;  
And all good men rejoyce, and say,  
Charles's Scepter is like Aarons Rod.*

12.

*Then all True Subjects will obey,  
The wild Fanaticks will Conform ;  
Then all the World with us will say,  
God Sav'd us in a mighty Storm.*

13.

*If you deny, all thinking Men  
Conclude an Arbitrary Power,  
Design'd by You, to save you, when  
You are no where Safe but in the Tower.*



